



BATMAN

No. 139

SEPT.

Ten Cents



# Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

**BATMAN  
and ROBIN**

PROBE THE  
SINISTER  
MYSTERY  
BEHIND THE

**"CRIMES  
in JADE"**





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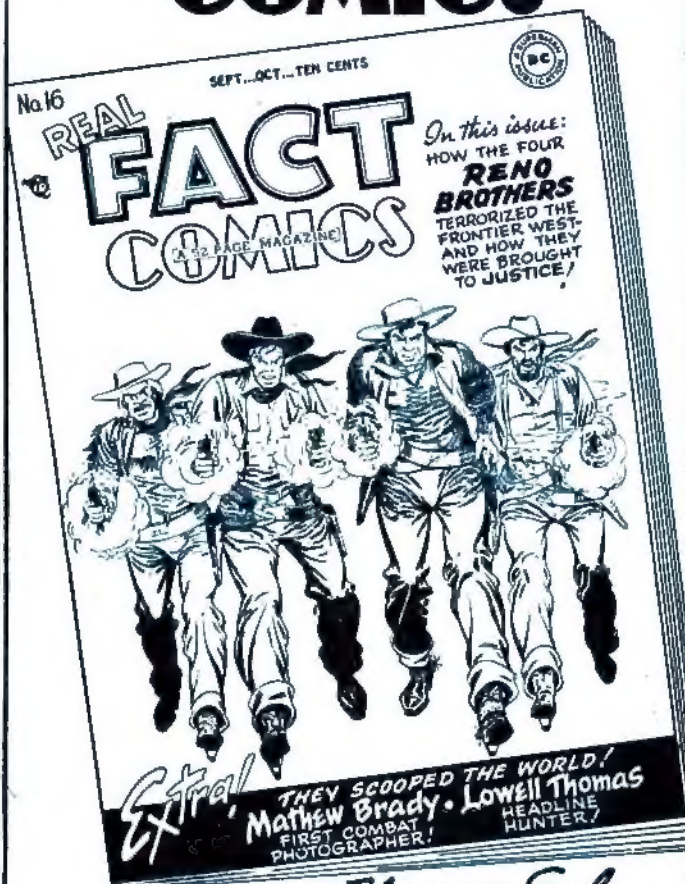
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# Let the FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES—

AND THEY  
NEVER SPEAK  
LOUDER THAN IN

REAL  
**FACT  
COMICS**  
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



*Now on Sale*  
**AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!**

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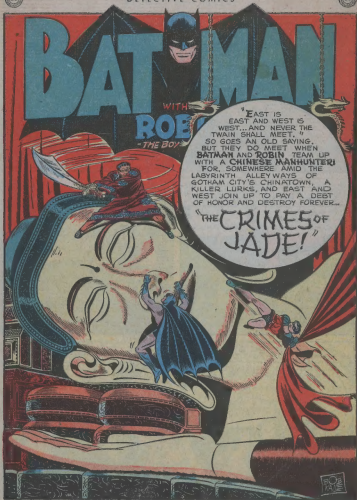
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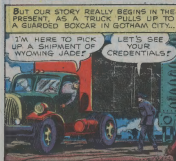
# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY-

"EAST IS  
EAST AND WEST IS  
WEST...AND NEVER THE  
TWO SHALL MEET."  
SO GOES AN OLD SAYING.  
BUT THEY DO MEET WHEN  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN TEAM UP**  
WITH A **CHINESE MANHUNTER**  
FOR, SOMEWHERE AMID THE  
LABYRINTH ALLEYWAYS OF  
GOTHAM CITY'S CHINATOWN, A  
KILLER LURKS, AND EAST  
AND WEST JOIN UP TO PAY A DEBT  
OF HONOR AND DESTROY FOREVER...

"THE **CRIMES OF  
JADE!**"







SOON AFTER, THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRIME-BUSTERS HEAR THE STORY OF THE JADE HIJACKERS...

CHINATOWN HAS THE CITY'S LOWEST CRIME RATE, BUT THIS ROBBERY IS A BLOT ON THAT GOOD RECORD! CHINATOWN'S HONEST PEOPLE WANT THIS CASE CLEANED UP FAST!

I UNDERSTAND!



I'VE ASSIGNED DETECTIVE LING HO OF THE CHINATOWN SQUAD TO THE CASE! YOU'LL WORK TOGETHER!

IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, BATMAN!



GOTHAM CITY'S CHINATOWN, WHERE FLOURISH HONORABLE TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF A RACE ALMOST AS OLD AS TIME...

BATMAN, THAT IS MY FATHER'S CURIO SHOP! JUST BEFORE YOU ARRIVED, HE PHONED AND SAID HE HAD A CLUE CONCERNING THE STOLEN JADE!



BUT INSIDE THE CURIO SHOP...

THERE! LING'S FATHER WON'T DO ANY MORE TALKIN' ON THIS EARTH!

OH-OH! BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE HEADING THIS WAY... WITH DETECTIVE LING!



AND AS THE LAWMEN ENTER-AMBUSH!

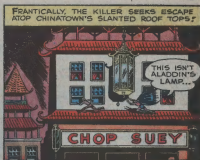


ORHH!



END OF ROUND ONE!

BONG!





MEANWHILE... IN THE SHOP, DAZED DETECTIVE LING HO IS NEVER CLOSER TO DEATH...



BUT ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, LEAPS INTO SPLIT-SECOND ACTION, SNATCHING A CARVED WOODEN CURIO FROM A SHELF AND...



THWARTED, THE KILLERS RETREAT INTO THE NIGHT...



LATER... WHEN BATMAN RECOVERS AND RETURNS TO THE SHOP...





HA-HE-HE! THOSE KILLERS WORE SEAMAN GARBS! DID ANY CHINESE FREIGHTER ARRIVE THIS WEEK?

YES! THE "CHINA STAR" IS IN THE HARBOR WITH IMPORTED CHINESE JADE. SHE'S GOING TO UNLOAD WHEN CUSTOMS OFFICIALS GIVE HER THE OKAY!



SUPPOSE THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN IS IN WITH THE HUACKERS? HE COULD MIX THE STOLEN AMERICAN JADE WITH THE CHINESE JADE AND UNLOAD THE WHOLE PILE AS IMPORTED JADE!



I'LL SNEAK ABOARD THAT SHIP AND SNOOP AROUND!

ROBIN CAN ACCOMPANY ME WHILE I VISIT SHING FAR, THE MAYOR OF CHINA-TOWN. HE WAS MY FATHER'S BEST FRIEND AND HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING!



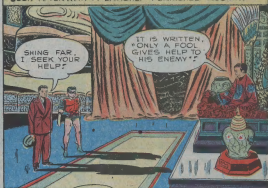
I'D BETTER WARN THE BOSS... FAST!

LATER...



SHING FAR IS OUR BIGGEST IMPORTER OF CHINESE CURIOS! HE LIVES IN OLD STYLE ORIENTAL SPLENDOR INSIDE HIS WARE-HOUSE!

SOON AFTER...IN A LAVISHLY FURNISHED ROOM...



SHING FAR, I SEEK YOUR HELP!

IT IS WRITTEN, "ONLY A FOOL GIVES HELP TO HIS ENEMY!"



ENEMY? SAY... WHAT IS THIS?

A TRAP! PRECISELY LIKE THE TRAP BATMAN IS WALKING INTO RIGHT NOW!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BATMAN STANDS ON THE CHINATOWN WATERFRONT...



THERE'S THE "CHINA STAR" BUT I'LL NEED A ROWBOAT TO GET OUT TO IT.

THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO BATMAN'S THOUGHTS...

MAY WE HUMBLE BOATMEN BE OF SERVICE TO THE MIGHTY BATMAN?

YOU CERTAINLY MAY!



BATMAN EXPLAINS FAST, AND SOON THE SAMPAN PULLS AWAY FROM THE DOCK...

I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOUR NAMES SO I CAN THANK YOU!

I AM DING HOW! OARSMAN IS MY BROTHER, WONG HOW!

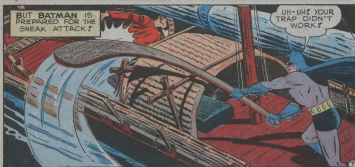


SUDDENLY, THE STEERSMAN SHOUTS A COMMAND AND...

WE'RE OUT FAR ENOUGH! NOW LET 'EM HAVE IT! OOF!



BUT BATMAN IS PREPARED FOR THE SNEAK ATTACK!



UH-UH! YOUR TRAP DIDN'T WORK!





SOON AFTER... HIDDEN BATMAN SEES THE ODDEST SKY SUMMONS OF HIS CAREER!



ROBIN AND LING ARE IN A JAM, BUT HOW CAN I GET TO THEM WITHOUT THOSE GUNMEN SPOTTING ME?



SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE SOUND OF EXPLODING FIRECRACKERS NEARBY...



SOON AFTER, AS THE DRAGON PASSES SHING FAY'S WAREHOUSE, BATMAN ENTERS IT SWIFTLY!

THEY MUST BE IN THAT ROOM! NOW... HOW CAN I GET THOSE GUARDS OFFGUARD? HAAAAA-AAA!



THE CHINESE NEW YEAR PROCESSION!

THAT "DRAGON" IS THE ANSWER TO MY PROBLEM!



THUS, UNDER COVER OF THE PROP DRAGON, THE MANHUNTER MOVES UNSEEN THROUGH THE STREETS!





MOMENTS PASS, THEN A STRANGE APPARITION FRIGHTENS THE TWO VILLAINOUS GUARDS...

I HAVE COME TO CLAIM YOU, WICKED ONES!

HUH??

CONSIDER YOURSELVES CLAIMED!

LATER, IN THE THRONE ROOM OF SHING FAR...

WYOMING JADE? WHAT A SWEET RACKET I'VE GOT! THE DOOR...IT'S OPENING! WHO'S THERE?

IT'S THE LAW! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

TERRIFIED, THE BANDIT LEADER SEEKS A DESPERATE ESCAPE FROM THE PURSUING BATMAN!



A TRAPPED RAT WILL TURN AND FIGHT, AND THE HUACKER KNOWS HE IS TRAPPED!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME TO PRISON, BATMAN!

BUT BATMAN PURSUES DOGGEDLY, WHEN SUDDENLY **DEATH** LOOMS OVER THE LAWMAN!

HEE! HEE! PREPARE TO DIE!

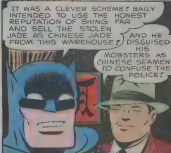
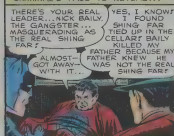
THE SUDDEN SHOT MAKES THE CRIMINAL LOSE HIS BALANCE AND...

SUDDENLY A MISSILE HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR AND FINDS ITS MARK ON THE GANGLER'S GUN-HAND!





LATER... A WASHCLOTH SWABS THE CRIMINAL'S FACE TO REVEAL...



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL CONTINUES, DETECTIVE LING HO OF THE CHINATOWN SQUAD WATCHES... AND IS CONTENT.



More suspenseful stories with BATMAN & ROBIN in WORLD'S FINEST COMICS and BATMAN



*Ewell*  
**BLACKWELL**

CHAMPION PITCHER  
OF THE  
CINCINNATI  
REDS

BLACKIE  
HAD HIS WHEATIES  
TODAY!

BLACKWELL DAZZLES  
OPPOSING HITTERS WITH  
HIS BUGGY-WHIP SIDARM  
DELIVERY. HAS A  
"SIZZLING FAST BALL" LAST  
SEASON LANKY 6 FT. 6 IN.  
RIGHTHANDER TURNED  
IN 22 VICTORIES -  
-INCLUDING 6 SHUT-  
OUTS TO FACE  
NATIONAL LEAGUE  
PITCHERS.

BOY, HE  
MUST LIVE  
RIGHT

YEAH,  
HE EATS RIGHT,  
TOO

"YOU'LL FIND ME STOWING AWAY A  
BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES -  
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" - WITH  
MILK AND FRUIT - JUST ABOUT  
EVERY MORNING," SAYS EWELL  
BLACKWELL, "AND ON DAYS WHEN  
I KNOW I'M GOING TO PITCH - THAT'S  
WHEN I REALLY GO TO TOWN  
ON THE WHEATIES."

BLACKIE PITCHED ONLY  
NO-HIT, NO-RUN GAME IN  
NATIONAL LEAGUE LAST SEASON.  
ALSO LED LEAGUE IN STRIKEOUTS  
AND EQUALLED LONG-STANDING  
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD WITH  
16 WINS IN A ROW.

I'M PITCHING TODAY

WHEATIES  
**"BREAKFAST  
OF  
CHAMPIONS"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade names of General Mills, Inc.

**SAM TAKES  
HIMSELF FOR  
A RIDE**

HERE'S WHY I CALLED  
YOU, SAM. A GANG HAS  
BEEN WRECKING MY TRUCKS  
TO RUN ME OUT OF BUSINESS.  
I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE.

GLAD TO HELP YOU,  
BLACKIE! LET ME RIDE  
ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS  
TONIGHT.

DASHILL HARRIS'S

# Adventures of SAM SPADE

**LISTEN TO:** "The Adventures of Sam Spade"  
every Sunday evening on your Columbia CBS  
station. See some listing in your local newspaper.

I'M GOING TO BE  
RIGHT AT HOME IN  
HERE, EFFIE. LOOK  
MY FAVORITE  
HAIR TONIC!

WE'LL  
FOLLOW A  
FEW MILES  
BEHIND IN  
CASE HE NEEDS  
HELP, EFFIE!

JUST BE  
CAREFUL,  
SAM!

**MANY MILES LATER**

SET OUT  
OF THAT  
GIRL  
BUDDY.

TIE HIM UP,  
MIKE! THEN LET'S  
SEE IF THIS TRUCK'S  
CARRYING ANYTHING  
WORTH TAKING  
BEFORE WE  
WRECK IT!

HAVE A LITTLE  
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL,  
FELLOWS!

WHERE ARE  
THEY, SAM?

UNDER THIS PILE OF  
CASES, BLACKIE! LET'S  
DIG 'EM OUT AND TURN  
'EM IN!

HERE'S A CHECK  
FROM BLACKIE FOR  
CATCHING THOSE  
GUYS, SAM. HE  
SENT THIS BOX  
TOO!

A CASE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL  
HAIR TONIC! YOU TAKE THE  
CHECK, EFFIE. I'M SATISFIED  
JUST GETTING THIS.

**SAM SPADE says**

**CAN YOUR  
SCALP PASS THE  
FINGERMAIL  
TEST?**

TRY IT! Scrub  
your head! If you  
don't get itchy  
and your hair  
falls out, it's  
good! Wildroot Cream  
Oil has a scalp  
conditioner  
that keeps the scalp  
from getting itchy.





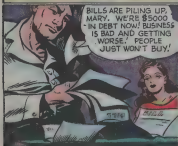


# ROBOTMAN



STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS.  
NOW HERE WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL  
ITEM. WE'RE OFFERING A GEN-U-YINE  
ROBOT FOR SALE. YESSIREE. THIS AMAZING  
MACHINE IS YOURS FOR ONLY \$49.50...  
AND WE'LL THROW IN THE REPAIR KIT  
AND METAL POLISH AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.  
WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO BID? WHO'LL MAKE  
"A BID FOR ROBOTMAN?"

THIS IS A  
CRITICAL TIME IN THE LIFE OF WAR  
VETERAN JOE SIMMS...

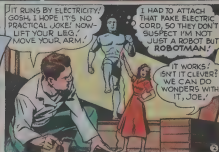
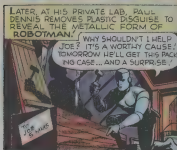
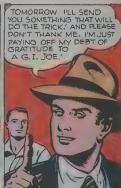
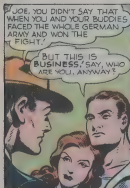


BILLS ARE PILING UP,  
MARY. WE'RE \$5000  
IN DEBT NOW! BUSINESS  
IS BAD AND GETTING  
WORSE. PEOPLE  
JUST WON'T BUY!



OH,  
JOE, WE'LL  
GO BANKRUPT.  
IF WE COULD  
ONLY ATTRACT  
CUSTOMERS  
SOMEHOW.

I'VE TRIED  
EVERYTHING...  
SALES, BARGAINS,  
FREE CANDY FOR KIDS!  
NOTHING WORKS.  
I'M BEATEN.







AND SOON, AN EAGER CROWD COLLECTS BEFORE THE MECHANICAL WINDOW DISPLAY!



AND THE STORE IS MOBBED BY EAGER CUSTOMERS...



'HIM, QUITE A CROWD! MAYBE I OUGHT TO GO INTO THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS.' WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE JOE'S BUSINESS CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.'



BUT AMONG THE ONLOOKERS IS A MERCHANT, SIMON CRACKER...

AMAZING! THE ROBOT IS A WONDERFUL ATTRACTION! IF I HAD THIS FEATURE IN MY STORE...



LATER...

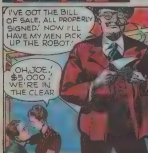
'YOU'RE A SMART MAN, JOE! I'LL BUY THAT DEMONSTRATING ROBOT FOR \$5000 CASH, RIGHT NOW!'

'WHY, THAT WOULD CLEAR UP ALL MY DEBTS! IT'S A DEAL!'



'I'VE GOT THE BILL OF SALE, ALL PROPERLY SIGNED! NOW I'LL HAVE MY MEN PICK UP THE ROBOT!'

'OH, JOE! \$5,000! WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!'

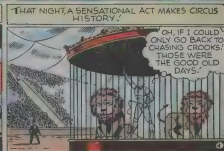
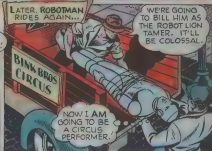


SOON AFTER...

'I OWN THAT ROBOT NOW! HE'S WELL WORTH THE \$5,000 I PAID FOR HIM!'

'OMIGOSH! WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO? THIS MAN HAS BOUGHT ME!'







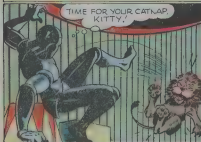
SENSING AN UNFAMILIAR LAND, A TREACHEROUS LION ATTACKS.

SORRY, LEO. YOU'LL ONLY BLUNT YOUR TEETH TRYING TO MAKE A MEAL OUT OF ME.



MAN OF METAL AGAINST THE KING OF BEASTS ... AND MAN IS THE VICTOR.

TIME FOR YOUR CATNAP, KITTY.



LATER... ROBOTMAN PUZZLES OVER AN ESCAPE FROM THE ODDDEST "TRAP" HE'S EVER BEEN IN.

IF I SKIP, BINK SUES CRACKER—CRACKER SUES JOE... JOE IS RUINED! I'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD THE \$10,000 SOMEHOW. BUT HOW?

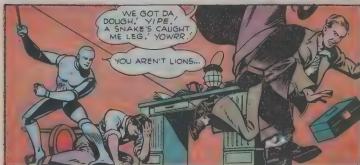


WAIT! WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

HERE'S WHERE DA DAY'S OATE RECEIPTS ARE KEPT!









**FUN! EASY!**  
 Make Your Own PHOTO-PRINTS!

Genuine  
**"PRINT-UR-OWN"**  
 PHOTO-PRINT KIT ONLY 20¢  
 AND ONE BOX TOP FROM DELICIOUS  
**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES!**

WHAT FUN! YOU PRINT THIS  
 PHOTO FROM THIS NEGATIVE  
 IN ONLY 2 MINUTES! Easy! No  
 Dark-Room Needed!



LOOK WHAT YOU GET! NOT A TOY—  
 but a 19 piece genuine PHOTO-PRINT KIT  
 with professional-type materials.

- 1 SPECIAL PLASTIC PRINTING FRAME!
- 12 sheets of real PHOTO PRINTING PAPER!
- 4 TEST NEGATIVES!
- 1 Package of genuine PERMANIZER POWDER!
- 1 Copy of OFFICIAL JUNIOR PHOTO-PRINTERS GUIDE — tells you exactly how to print perfect pictures!

Copyright 1948, by Kellogg Co.

Mmm! Mmmm! KELLOGG'S  
 CORN FLAKES TASTE SUPER SWELL!  
 EAT 'EM EVERY MORNING!



**Kellogg's**  
**CORN**  
**FLAKES**

**MOTHER KNOWS BEST!**

**HURRY!**

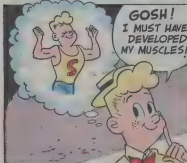
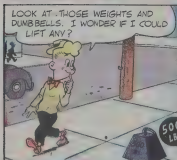
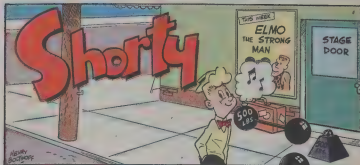
**FILL OUT COUPON NOW!** Enclose one Kellogg's  
 Corn Flakes box top (end marked "top") and 30¢ for  
 each kit ordered and mail to KELLOGG CO., Box  
 278, New York 8, N. Y.

NAME .....

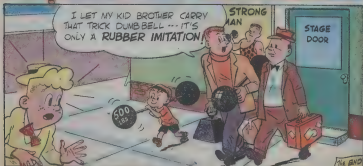
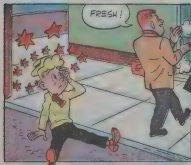
STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Offer valid through 12/31/48. Limit one per household.









# SLAM BRADLEY

A STEEPLECHASE IS USUALLY A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE ON HORSEBACK, WITH OBSTACLES TO LEAP ALONG THE WAY, BUT FOR SHORTY MORGAN, THE INDOMITABLE MITE-LIKE PAL OF SLAM BRADLEY, THE RACE TURNS OUT A COMBINATION OF WILD-WEST SHOWS AND COPS-AND-ROBBERS WHEN GANGSTERS HORN IN AS...

**\*SHORTY RIDES A WINNER\***



AT SPORTSMEN'S PARK, THE CROWD ROARS AS JOCKEY O'HARE BRINGS IN ANOTHER WINNER.



AND RIDER, AND HORSE ENJOY THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.





THE NEXT DAY...



AND WHAT DO JOCKEYS DO ON THEIR DAYS OFF? LET'S LOOK IN AT JOCKEY O'HARE'S HOME—

COME ON, TOMMY. LUNCH IS READY!

HMM—SURE. JUST WANT TO FINISH THIS CHAPTER. READING RELAXES ME.



AT THAT MOMENT OUTSIDE O'HARE'S WINDOW...

GOT HIM! THE POSITION IS PERFECT.

OKAY—LET'S BEAT IT!



LATER, AT A GANG HIDEOUT...

WELL? HOW'D THAT DOUBLE NEGATIVE COME OUT?

SWELL, BOSS! IT LOOKS LIKE A NATURAL!



THIS DOES O'HARE'S "HARMLESS" LUNCH-TIME READING BECOME A CROOK'S WEAPON! MEANWHILE, AT DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY'S OFFICE...

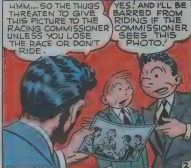
YES, I KNOW JOCKEYS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO GAMBLE! AND THIS IS A PICTURE OF YOU PLAYING CARDS!

BUT I TELL YOU IT'S A FRAME-UP! I NEVER PLAY CARDS! SOMEBODY WANTS TO KEEP ME OUT OF THE BIG RACE!



HMM... SO THE THUGS THREATEN TO GIVE THIS PICTURE TO THE RACING COMMISSIONER UNLESS YOU LOSE THE RACE OR DON'T RIDE.

YES! AND I'LL BE BARRED FROM RIDING IF THE COMMISSIONER SEES THIS PHOTO!





IT'S UNDOUBTEDLY A DOUBLE EXPOSURE, BUT WITH IT THEY CAN BAN YOU FROM RACING! SHORTY AND I WILL TAKE OVER FROM HERE, O'HARE!

MEANING WHAT, BRADLEY?

WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME DOUBLE EXPOSURES OURSELVES. LOOK! PRESTO! SHORTY BECOMES JOCKEY O'HARE!

I SEE! SHORTY WILL TAKE MY PLACE! BUT HOW WILL THAT TRAP THE CROOKS?

AFTER HEARING THEIR PLANS, O'HARE LEAVES... BUT OUTSIDE...

YA BEEN SINGIN' TO BRADLEY, AINTCHA, O'HARE?

GET IN THE CAR, SAP! YER GOIN' FOR A RIDE.

JUST AS I EXPECTED! O'HARE HAS CALLERS! HIDE THAT WIG, SHORTY!

LEMME AT THE BIG GUY, SLAM!

ALWAYS THE BLOCKING BACK! THAT'S ME!

BUT, SLAM! YOU'RE LETTING THEM GET AWAY!

YES, SHORTY! THAT'S WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO!



YEP, NOW THEY'LL REPORT TO THEIR BOSS, AND WE'LL HAVE A SHOWDOWN AT THE RACE TOMORROW! COME ON, SHORTY, WE'RE GETTING YOU A JOCKEY'S UNIFORM!



NEXT DAY...



BUT WHY MUST I TAKE O'HARE'S PLACE IN THE RACE?

BECAUSE THE CROOKS BET HEAVILY ON US TO LOSE - SO, WE'VE GOT TO WIN!



SUDDENLY...

HEY! THAT GUY IS TRYIN' TO PUT A SPONGE IN THE HORSE'S NOSTRILS TO CUT SHORT HIS BREATH!

ONE OF THE GANG! NAIL HIM!



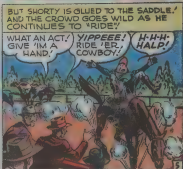
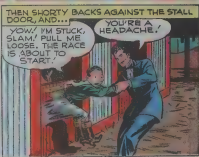
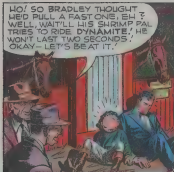
BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE STALL NEXT DOOR...

IT WOIKED! DA SAPS FELL INTO OUR TRAP!

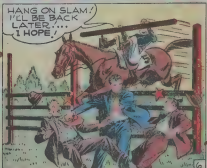
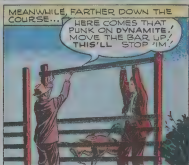
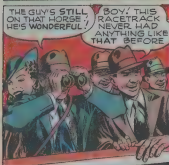
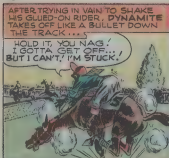


OKAY, BOYS! GET MAESTRO OUT AND DYNAMITE IN! CAREFUL! HE'S THE WILDEST HORSE IN THE COUNTRY!



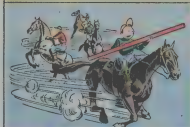








THERE IS GREAT CONFUSION AS DYNAMITE RUNS BERSERK ALL OVER THE COURSE...



... AND BY THE TIME HE CROSSES THE FINISH MARK, THE OTHER CONTESTANTS ARE HAPPY ENOUGH TO DO A FAST FADEAWAY...



THEN...

MY WORD! HE'S GOING BACK AGAIN!

CAN'T HELP IT, PAL! THIS NAG WANTS TO WIN TWO RACES!



DUCK, SLAM! THE ATOM BOMB'S COMIN' THROUGH!



OKAY, START SINGING, WISE GUY! BEFORE I ROCK YOU AGAIN!

YA GOT ME, BRADLEY! I'LL TALK, DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!



AND VERY LATE THAT NIGHT, THE RACE ENDS - FOR SHORTY THAT IS...

WELL, BY WINNING THE RACE, WE BROKE UP THE GANG AND NOW CHARE CAN GO BACK TO HIS RIDING AND READING AGAIN!

QUIT CLOWNING AND GET ME OFFA HERE! THIS NAG WENT ROUND AND ROUND THAT TRACK SO MANY TIMES, I'M DIZZY!



DIZZY, DAFFY ACTION

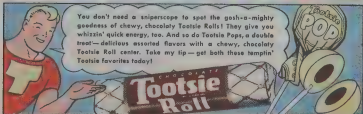
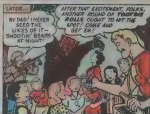
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER WHEN THOSE ZANY SLEUTHS SLAM AND SHORTY GO CROOK-CHASING - IN EACH ISSUE OF

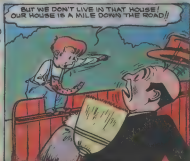
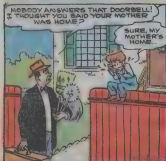
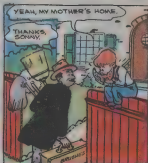
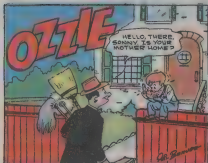
**Detective COMICS**

# TOOTSIE KILLER BEAR

TRAPS WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

BY G. BETH AND ARTHUR COFFMAN







# SECRET CODES—A HOBBY FOR ALL

## A QUICK CODE FOR CONCEALING MESSAGES IN ORDINARY NOTES OR LETTERS

In the previous two issues of *Detective Comics*, we explained how you could use secret codes with your friends for fun or in case of emergency. But suppose you were in a spot where you had to break a code—do you think you would be able to do it? This is a real test of wits, for while anybody can create a code, it often requires great ingenuity to break one.

Young Jimmy Watkins was faced with just such a problem. He had figured several ways to send secret messages to his friends, but then he suddenly found himself on the other side of the fence.

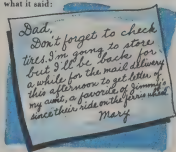
Jimmy's fourteenth birthday was only a week away, and he was anxious to know what he was going to get as a present. His parents acted very mysteriously and wouldn't tell him. But Jimmy persisted, and Mr. Watkins at last said:

"Let's see how clever you are, son. If you keep your eyes open and use your head, maybe you'll note things that will give you a hint."

Jimmy didn't understand what his father was driving at. But four days later, while he was in school, he suddenly thought of something that started his brain work-

ing. His Dad said that he would "note" things—and Jimmy thought that the answer might lie in the notes his parents sometimes left to each other on the telephone table!

He could hardly wait for school to let out, and when the final bell of the day clanged, he rushed right home and eagerly checked the pad on the telephone table. Sure enough, he found a note, and this is what it said:

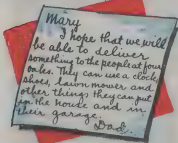


That had him puzzled. It was his mother's handwriting all right, but it wasn't as smooth and even as her usual writing. Some of the lines were crowded, others stretched out, and the sentence structure was very clumsy.

Jimmy thought about the note for the

rest of the day. He felt sure that it was a code message of some kind his parents had worked out, but he just couldn't get a key to help break it. He tried reading every other word, but that didn't work. Then he tried every third word, and even took the first letter of every word and put them together. But none of these was the answer.

The next day Jimmy found another note scribbled on the pad, this time written by his father. It read:



Jimmy grinned after reading this second note. He had seen through the code, and it was so simple, he didn't understand why it had escaped him before. For now he not only knew what he was going to get as a birthday present, but also exactly where he could find it!

But can you read those hidden messages? You know the experiments that Jimmy made, and you've seen copies of the notes his parents left. Just in case you can't figure it out, though, we've printed the answer

below—but upside down so you won't read it by mistake before you've had a chance to solve the code for yourself.

Now, here's what Jimmy read.

clock (o'clock) and put in garage.

Dad's note to Mother: Will deliver four

hivery of Jimmy's wheel.

Mother's note to Dad: Check store for de-

Whenever you see a message that doesn't read smoothly, or whose margins are not natural, you can be pretty sure that it is a code depending on the position of the words. In this case, if you look at the last word in every line, you'll see the answer, and also the reason for crowding some lines and stretching others out.

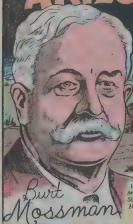
This is an easy method of sending coded messages. It may not fool too many people, but it will serve to avoid suspicion long enough to serve your purpose. But when others do figure it out, you can change your method by putting words at the beginning of each line; or you can make the coded word every third word, or every fourth word.

When using this method of sending secret messages, try to keep your sentences from sounding too cumbersome. This helps to avoid suspicion, so that no one will even think of looking for concealed messages in your notes.

More about codes next month.



# ARIZONA RANGER



*Burt Mossman*

BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, THE "HASHKNIFE BRAND" OF TEXAS MOVED INTO SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA AND SOON THERE WAS A CATTLE WAR GOING ON. HIRED GUNMEN ARRIVED FROM FAR AND NEAR TO TAKE SIDES IN THE BATTLE.



"BUT I'M INNOCENT!"

RANCHERS PUT THEIR BRANDS ON ANY LOOSE CATTLE. INNOCENT MEN WERE STRUNG UP ON FALSE CHARGES.



"ANOTHER OF OUR RIDERS SHOT IN THE BACK."

MEN'S LIVES BECAME SO CHEAP THE CATTLEMEN REALIZED THAT ARIZONA MUST HAVE LAW AND ORDER.

OUT OF THE NORTH CAME BURT MOSSMAN, KNOWN IN MANY STATES AS A FEARLESS FIGHTER.



"I SWEAR TO ENFORCE THE LAW."

WITH 15 PICKED GUNFIGHTERS, BURT FORMED THE ARIZONA RANGERS AND ANNOUNCED THAT THE DUEL OF THE SIX-GUN WAS OVER.



"THERE'S THE LAST OF THE HIRED KILLERS."

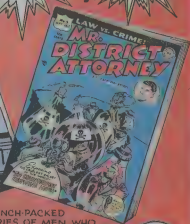
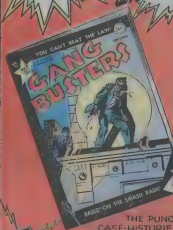
KILLERS AND DESPERADOES WERE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. WHEN THEY REFUSED TO COME IN, MOSSMAN AND HIS FEARLESS BAND SHOT IT OUT WITH THEM UNTIL THEY BECAME EFTYND. THEN PEACE CAME TO ARIZONA.

# Everything YOU WANT IN A MAGAZINE!

**DRAMA!**

**EXCITEMENT!**

**ACTION!**



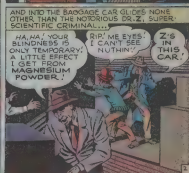
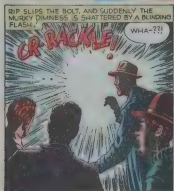
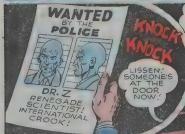
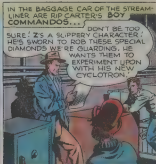
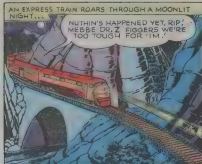
THE PUNCH-PACKED  
CASE-HISTORIES OF MEN WHO  
TRIED TO BEAT THE LAW - AND  
OF THE LAWYERS WHO BEAT  
THEM TO THE FINAL DRAW.



**TOPS IN RADIO!**  
**NOW TOPS IN COMICS!**









BY THE TIME THE SURPRISED CRIME-FIGHTERS RECOVER, THE STREAMLINER SLOWS DOWN FOR A SHARP BEND AND A LITHE FIGURE SPRINGS TO THE GROUND...

THERE HE GOES, BOYS! LET'S CATCH HIM BEFORE THE TRAIN PICKS UP SPEED!



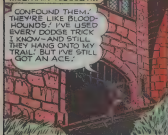
COMMANDO-TRAININ' COMES IN HANDY, EH? OWCH!

RELAX WHEN YOU HIT—THEN BOUNCE!



THEN BEGINS A GRIM CHASE THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT LEADS TO A REMOTE MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT...

CONFOUND THEM! THEY'RE LIKE BLOOD-HOUNDS! I'VE USED EVERY DODGE TRICK I KNOW—AND STILL THEY HANG ONTO MY TRAIL! BUT I'VE STILL GOT AN ACE!



UP LONG WINDING STAIRS RACE THE COMMANDOS WHILE FROM ABOVE RINGS A HOLLOW LAUGH OF TRIUMPH...

HA, HA! SO YOU'VE TRAPPED ME—YOU THINK! BUT IN A MOMENT I'LL BE OUT OF THIS WORLD! HA, HA!



THEY BREAK INTO THE ROOM—ONLY TO BE GREETED BY A FANTASTIC SCENE...

GREAT GUNS! HE'S VANISHING IN THIN AIR!

MY TIME MACHINE, CARTER! PERFECTED FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION! GOODBYE, MY ENEMIES—FOREVER!



THEN, LIKE A WISP OF SMOKE, Z DISAPPEARS!

AFTER HIM? TO WHERE? IT'S A LONG GAMBLE, BOYS! NO TELLING WHERE WE'LL BE SENT, PERHAPS EVEN INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION!





PRECIOUS MOMENTS STEAL BY AS THE GAME ADVENTURERS REACH ONE OF THE GREAT DECISIONS OF THEIR LIVES...

I WON'T ASK YOU BOYS TO GO WITH ME—IT'S TOO RISKY. WE MAY NEVER RETURN.

YOUR SCRIPT'S KINDA CORNY, RIP. I SAY LET'S GO.

OUI—ME, TOO.

I'M WITH YOU!



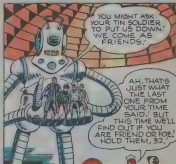
SILENTLY GRIMLY, THE COMRADES IN COMBAT TAKE THEIR PLACES BY THE MACHINE, WAIT FOR BRIEF MOMENTS, AND THEN...



A MONOTONOUS DRONE FILLS THEIR EARS AND THE WINDS OF TIME AND SPACE RACE SWIFTLY PAST THEM AS STRANGE SCIENTIFIC FORCES TRANSPORT THEM INTO THE UNKNOWN...

RIP! RIP! WHERE ARE WE?

I DON'T KNOW—BUT LET'S HANG TOGETHER.



YOU MIGHT ASK YOUR TIN SOLDIER TO PUT US DOWN. WE COME AS FRIENDS.

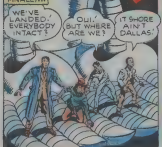
AH, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE LAST ONE FROM YOUR TIME SAID. BUT THIS TIME WE'LL FIND OUT IF YOU ARE FRIEND OR FOE. HOLD THEM, 32.

FINALLY...

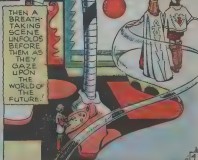
WE'VE LANDED! EVERYBODY INTACT?

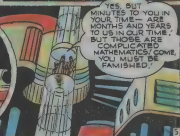
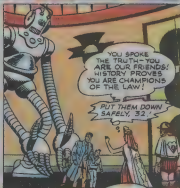
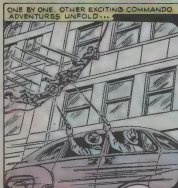
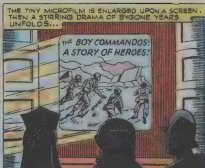
OUI, BUT WHERE ARE WE?

IT SHORE AIN'T DALLAS!



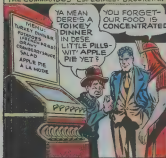
THEN A BREATHTAKING SCENE UNFOLDS BEFORE THEM AS THEY GAZE UPON THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE!



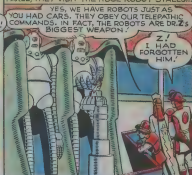




IN THE "DINING ROOM"—A SURPRISE FOR THE COMMANDOS—ESPECIALLY BROOKLYN...

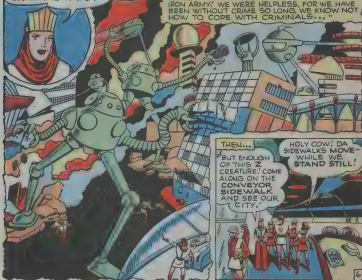


AFTERWARDS, OUTFITTED IN FUTURISTIC AP-PAREL, THEY VISIT THE HUGE ROBOT STALLS...

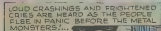
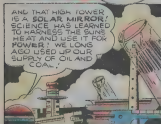
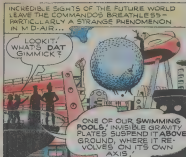


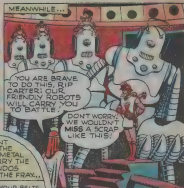
WE CAN'T FORGET HIM! WHEN HE FIRST CAME HERE, HE GATHERED AN ARMY OF ROBOTS AND WARPED THEIR MECHANICAL MINDS TO CRIMINAL WAYS.

"THEN, FROM AN INVULNERABLE ROCKET-SPHERE OF HIS OWN INVENTION, HE UNLEASHED HIS IRON ARMY! WE WERE HELPLESS, FOR WE HAVE BEEN WITHOUT CRIME SO LONG, WE KNOW NOT HOW TO COPE WITH CRIMINALS..."









WITH GIANT STRIDES, THE HULKING METAL MEN CARRY THE COMMANDOS TOWARD THE FRAY...

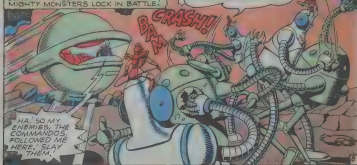
TIGHTEN YOUR BELTS, BOYS! THE SHOCK'S COMING ANY MINUTE NOW!

AN' YA AIN'T KIDDIN'!

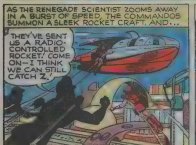
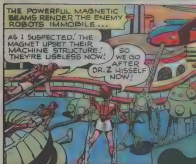
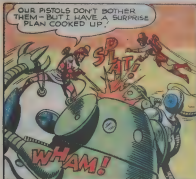


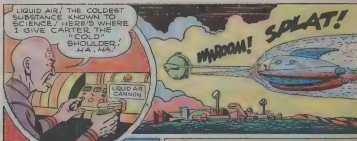
PRESENTLY, DEAFENING SOUNDS OF CLASHING STEEL RING OUT AS THE MIGHTY MONSTERS LOCK IN BATTLE!

COME ON! GIVE 'IM A UPPERCUT, DAT'S IT!



HA! SO MY ENEMIES, THE COMMANDOS, FOLLOWED ME HERE! SLAY THEM!



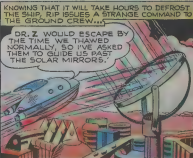


AND THE ROCKET SHIP IS ENCASED IN A SHEATH OF SOLID ICE.

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! OBJECTS FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR WILL SNAP LIKE A TWIG! I'LL RADIO THE GROUND CREW TO MANEUVER US!

KNOWING THAT IT WILL TAKE HOURS TO DEFROST THE SHIP, RIP ISSUES A STRANGE COMMAND TO THE GROUND CREW...

DR. Z WOULD ESCAPE BY THE TIME WE THAWED NORMALLY, SO I'VE ASKED THEM TO GUIDE US PAST THE SOLAR MIRRORS.



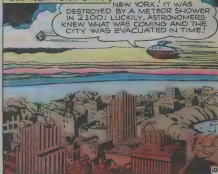
THE INTENSE HEAT FROM THE SUN FREES THE CRAFT FROM ITS ICY PRISON...

Z DIDN'T COUNT ON SUCH A FAST RECOVERY! WE'VE STILL GOT HIM IN SIGHT!



THEN THE CHASE LEADS OVER A MEMORABLE SCENE—OLD NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK! IT WAS DESTROYED BY A METEOR SHOWER IN 2100! LUCKILY, ASTRONOMERS KNEW WHAT WAS COMING AND THE CITY WAS EVACUATED IN TIME!

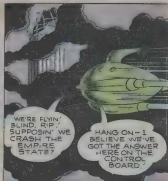




AS THE TWO CRAFT WHISK OVER THE TOWERING, ANCIENT STRUCTURES, THE CRAFTY DOCTOR Z TURNS ON A BLACK-LIGHT RAY...

HA, HA! TRY THAT ONE FOR SIZE!

BLACK LIGHT! WE CAN'T SEE!



WE'RE FLYIN' BLIND, RIP! SUPPOSIN' WE CRASH THE EMPIRE STATE?

HANG ON - I BELIEVE WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER HERE ON THE CONTROL BOARD!

AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD RADAR SCREEN! IT DETECTS OBJECTS IN FRONT OF US!

YEAH-AN! IT'S ONLY TEN YARDS AWAY! CL MB, RIP!

DON'T LOOK NOW - BUT WE MADE IT!



YEAH-AN! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THE BLACK LIGHT!

THE SENSITIVE IMPULSE RAYS OF THE RADAR MACHINE WARN RIP OF THE BUILDING'S EXACT LOCATION, ALLOWING HIM TO CLIMB UPWARDS...

MEANWHILE, DR. Z SPEEDS OVER OLD WASHINGTON - ALSO ABANDONED BECAUSE OF DESTRUCTION BY METEORS - AND HEADS SOUTH TOWARD THE NEW CAPITOL...

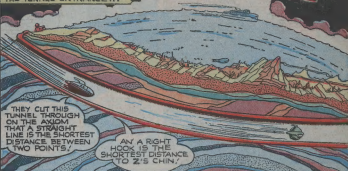
I'VE GOT ONE HOPE LEFT - THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TUNNEL!



HA, HA! I HOPE THEY FOLLOW ME IN HERE! WAIT'LL THEY SEE MY NEXT TRAP!



UNAWARE OF THE SUPER-SCIENTIST'S SINISTER PLOT, THE COMMANDOS GUIDE THEIR ROCKET EXPERTLY INTO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE...



THEY CUT THIS TUNNEL THROUGH ON THE AXIOM THAT A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS!

AN A RIGHT HOOK IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE TO Z'S CHIN!

HALFWAY THROUGH THE EARTH'S CENTER, THE MASTER CRIMINAL STOPS HIS SHIP, AND...

WHAT AN IDEA! IF I BLAST THE TUNNEL WALLS WITH THIS BOMB, THE INTENSE HEAT FROM THE EARTH'S CORE WILL TOAST THOSE COMMANDOS—WHILE I GET OUT THE OTHER END!



AND JUST AS THE COMMANDOS ROAR UP...



CONFOUND IT! MY CALCULATIONS WERE WRONG! THE BOMB WENT OFF TOO SOON!

LOOK OUT, BOYS!

**KA-BOOM!**

BUT AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE POWER OF Z'S TIME MACHINE WANES—AND THEN STOPS. AND SO...



WE'RE BACK IN OUR OWN TIME AGAIN!

AN' DIS APE'S GOIN' BACK TO DA CLINK!

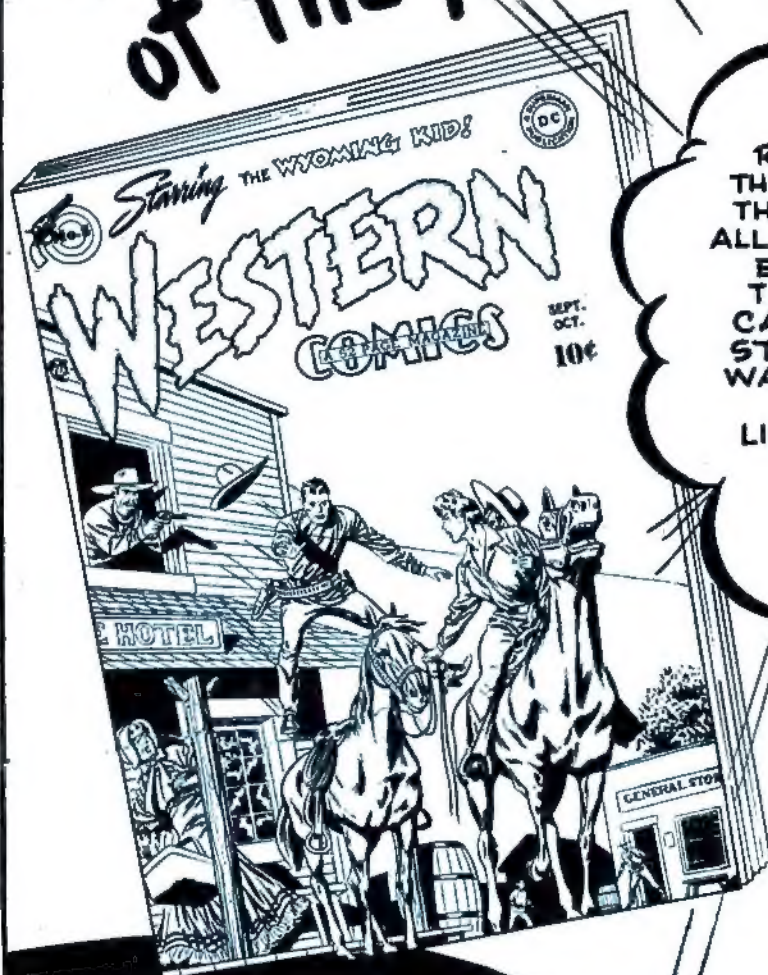
I WONDER—WERE WE REALLY IN THE FUTURE, OR DID THE MACHINE MERELY CAST US UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL?



DA FUTURE DON'T MATTER NOW! Z'S PAST HAS CAUGHT UP WIT'IM. AN' HIS PRESENT DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!

More startling Boy Commandos adventures in World's Finest Comics and Boy Commandos!

# THRILL to the punch-packed action of the fighting WEST!



ROARING SIX-GUNS!  
THUNDERING HOOVES!  
THUDDING FISTS!  
ALL THE RED-BLOODED  
EXCITEMENT IN  
THE DANGEROUS  
CAREERS OF THE  
STRONG MEN WHO  
WAGER THEIR LIVES  
ON A  
LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER  
SURE-FIRE  
WINNER  
FROM  
AMERICA'S  
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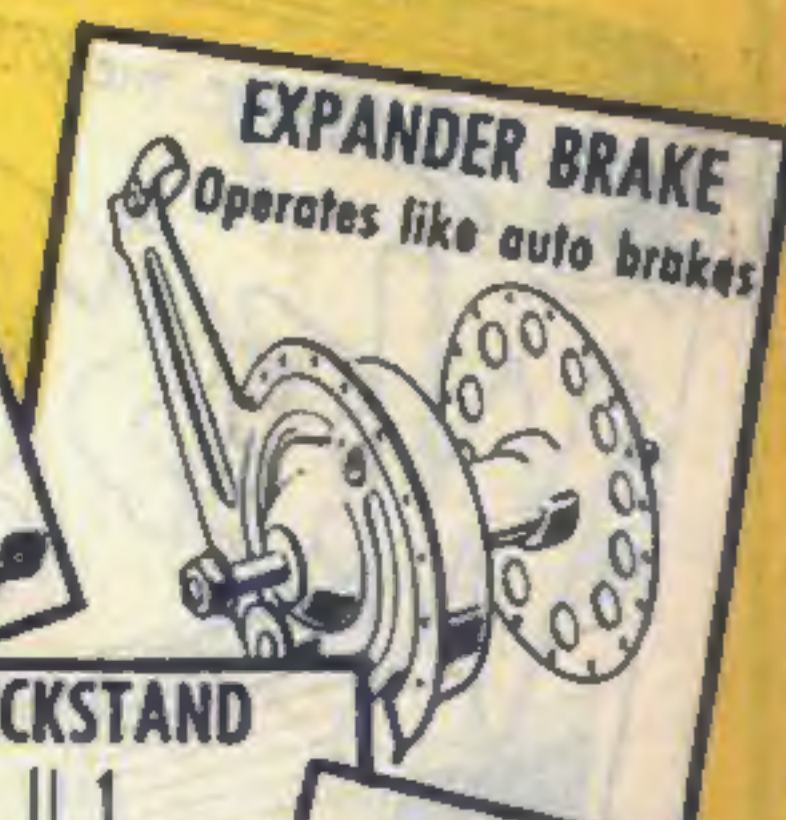
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